The Triumphs of London,

On the Inauguration of the Right Honourable

Sir Thomas Abney, Kt.

LORD MAYOR

OF THE

City of LONDON.

CONTAINING

A Deſcription of the PAGEANTS, toget with the Publick *Speeches* and the whole Solemnity of th Day.

Performed on *Tueſday* the 29th of *October*, 1700.

All ſet forth at the proper Coſt and Charge of the Honourable Company of FISHMONGERS.

GUILDHALL LONDON LIBRARY

Publiſhed by Authority.

LONDON:

Printed for *R. Barnham* in *Little Britain*. 1700.

GUILDHALL
53311
LIBRARY

To the Right Honourable

Sir Thomas Abney, Kt.

Lord Mayor of the City of *London.*

My LORD,

AS there's a large Diſtinction betwixt the Honour of the *Magiſtracy*, and that of the *Magiſtrate*; the Firſt being that which he finds in his High Seat, and the Laſt that which he brings himſelf thither with him: So there's nothing more happy then when the Perfections of the One aggrandize the Glory of the Other.

The fair Hopes your Lordſhip gives us on this Occaſion are not a little conſpicuous, when your whole Conduct of Life has appear'd ſo ſingularly eminent, in that Serenity of Temper, being of ſo pacifick a Diſpoſition in all your Converſe with Mankind; that were the general Genius of Humane Race but moulded like your own; I might ſay, with a great deal of Truth, Enmity and Diſcord had been Names unknown to the World; and that warmeſt Smile of Heaven, the Bleſſing of Peace, had been an Univerſal and Everlaſting Inheritance.

In your Lordſhip's Advancement to the *Prætorian* Dignity, I cannot tell what Pride there may be in the Robe,

Robe, I am ſure there will be none in the Wearer. Nor can the CHAIR raiſe you ſo high, but your own Innate Goodneſs and Humanity will ſtill ſit uppermoſt.

How far theſe Signal Virtues, accompanied by your Lordſhip's no leſs eminent Prudence, may qualify you for the Magiſtrate, were a needleſs Deſcription.

But in all our Aſſurance of your Lordſhip's ſteering Hand at this Honourable Helm; as Commendable as that Important Part, the Execution of Right and Equity may be; yet 'tis not All the World expects. The Governing Head of this Glorious City, in no other Capacity than her Supreme Adminiſtrator of Juſtice, does not fully anſwer that Figure and Character he bears. For, to ſay Truth, the Precepts or Decrees of his Miniſterial Authority, are not ſo much the Edicts of *Guildhall*, as of St. *Stephen*'s Chappel: With the Law on one Side, and the Obligation of his Oath on the other, in that part of his Greatneſs, *viz.* his Poſt of Truſt and Power, he may be ſaid, in ſome meaſure, only to Obey when he Commands. That Judiciary Adminiſtration therefore, as being no more than the Performance of his Duty (not to derogate from the Glory of Magiſtracy) is not his higheſt Deſert.

No, my Lord, as the City of *London* is that Metropolis, that bears her Head ſo high, without a Vanity, above any of her *European* Rivals; ſo her Eyes look up with no common Expectation from her commanding Magiſtrate. 'Tis his publick Acts of Munificence and Hoſpitality; in ſhort, the keeping up the Grandeur of the CHAIR, and thereby rendring himſelf the more Worthy of that Exalted Station, thoſe being his own

own free and voluntary Grace and Goodneſs, that muſt compleat the ſhining Merit of a *Mayoralty*. 'Tis the Generous Acceſſion to Dignity is always the Nobleſt. That's the only Glorious Ambition of a Magiſtrate, when he aſpires to a Poſt of Honour more to do Good in it, than to reap Good from it. 'Tis on theſe Foundations only that the Glory of a Year may ſupport the Reputation of a whole Life, and tranſmit a Laſting Fragrance to the very Memory of a truly Honourable Magiſtrate.

Now, my Lord, not doubting but your Lordſhip makes your Entry with theſe Generous Reſolutions, 'tis to that True *Pretorian Greatneſs*, that I make you this hearty Congratulation, from,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt Dutiful Servant,

E. SETTLE.

TO THE

Worſhipful Company

OF

FISHMONGERS.

Gentlemen,

WHen I enter the Walls of your Honourable Foundation, *methinks your very* Conſtitution *ſeems to ſtand upon one of the faireſt Baſis of all the* Societies of Trade *through the whole Nation. For* INDUSTRY, *that Virtue, which is the Support of Kingdoms, more particularly ſhines in your* Sphere. *The Product of moſt other Induſtrious* Arts, Profeſſions *or* Manufactures, *ſeems to be but a ſtinted Wealth. In our* Drapery, *for Inſtance, or our* Tillage, *we can ſpin out our* Wooll *no farther than our* Sheeps *Backs can bear; nor heap our* Granaries *fuller than the Crop of the Glebe will yield us. But FISHERY drains from an* Inexhauſtible Fountain, viz. *the bottomleſs and boundleſs* Ocean: *And all that's gotten from thence is an entire Additional* Increaſe *to the Wealth of a Nation, whilſt all that's rais'd from the other Funds is but an Improvement of what we have of our own before. For this Reaſon, methinks the* FISHMONGERS *and* GOLDSMITHS *were once very juſtly incorporated together. For as One raiſes his Increaſe from the Depth of the* Sea, *ſo the other from the Bowels of the* Earth.

But a Panegyrick *upon your Profeſſion being the leaſt part of my preſent Theme, I am now bound to congratulate your Honour of having the* CHAIR *with you.*

'Tis true, your Walls have not been ſo graced for ſome time paſt; and therefore the preſent grateful occaſion of a Triumph *has given you ſo much the greater Satisfaction, and open'd a Liberal Hand for the Entertainment of ſuch an* Honourable Gueſt *under your Roof.*

However, notwithſtanding this preſent Interval, your Company *has been famous for no vulgar Liſt of* Worthies, *having now number'd no leſs than* 48 Lord Mayors *of your own: Such a plentiful Growth of* Honour *ſufficiently tells the World, 'tis a Rich Bed that makes ſo fair a Product.*

Nor has the Number been more extraordinary, than ſome more particular darling WORTH *that has appear'd among you. The matchleſs Glory of your Sir* William Walworth, *who ſingly attacked the formidable Rebel* Wat. Tyler *at the whole Head of his Lawleſs Troops, and by that undaunted and victorious Stroke reſcued his threatned* Country, *and ſuccour'd his* Prince; *an Atchievment that gave the* Dagger *to the* City Arms; *that ſingle memorable* Patriot *in his hard* Steel *in* Smithfield-Rounds, *has poſſibly outvyed the Luſtre of a long* Succeſſion *of Gold Chains at* Guildhall.

With ſuch Exemplar Virtue *of your own* Fraternity, *give me Leave, Gentlemen, to wiſh, that you may never want a* Succeſſion of Worthies, *when your* King *and your* Country *ſhall call for 'em; I am,*

GENTLEMEN,

Your moſt humble Servant,

E. S.

GUILDHALL LONDON

The Movement of the Morning.

THE whole Company ſelected for the Management of the Triumph, meet at Seven in the Morning, *viz.*

1. The Wardens and Aſſiſtants in Gowns faced with Foyns.
2. The Livery in Gowns with Budge, and their Hoods.
3. The Foyns and Budge Batchelors with Gowns and Scarlet Hoods.
4. Forty Gentlemen Uſhers in Velvet Coats, each a Chain of Gold about his Shoulders, and a white Staff in his Hand.
5. Thirty other Gentlemen carrying Banners and Colours.
6. The Serjeant-Trumpet wearing two Scarfs, one of the Lord Mayors Colours, and the other of the Companies, with 36 more Trumpets, whereof 16 are His Majeſty's.
7. His Majeſty's Drum-Major, wearing a Scarf of the Company's Colour, with four more of his Majeſty's Drums and and Fifes.
8. Seven other Drums and two Fifes with Scarfs.
9. The two City Marſhals riding on Horſeback, and ſix Perſons attending with Scarfs and Colours of the Companies.
10. The Foot Marſhal and ſix Attendants with like Scarfs, *&c.*
11. The Maſter of Defence and his Retinue in like Scarfs, *&c.*
12. Several Penſioners in Gowns and Caps, bearing Standards and Banners.
13. Other Penſioners in Gowns and Caps, carrying each a Javelin in one Hand, and Target in the other, having the Arms of the Company's Founders and Benefactors.

All theſe Rank'd by the Foot-Marſhal, marching Two by Two, the Company's Enſigns leading; the Penſioners, four Drums, and one Fife, and four more Drums and Fifes bring up the Rear of this Diviſion. After them the Penſioners with Standards; four Trumpets, the Supporters and Creſt of the Company, ſix Gentlemen Uſhers, then the Budge Batchelors concluding the Second Diviſion. Six Trumpets, two Gentlemen, one bearing the City's, the other the Company's Arms. Then eight Gentlemen Uſhers, and next the Foyn Batchelors make the Third Diviſion. Two Gentlemen Uſhers bearing Banners, two more Gentlemen Uſhers, and then the Livery. Next the City Trumpets, then two Gentlemen bearing the City and Lord Mayors Banner. Then the Gentlemen and Court of Aſſiſtants, *&c.* Four Drums, ſix Trumpets, two Gentlemen bearing Banners, four Gentlemen and four Pages, and then the Wardens bring up the Rear.

Marching in this Order they attend his Lordſhip from *Guild-Hall*, his Lordſhip being accompanied from thence by the old Lord Mayor, whence the whole Company move through *Cheap-ſide* to *Three-Crane-Vintry*, where the Lord

Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Livery, and part of the Gentlemen Uſhers take their Barge for *Weſtminſter*, whither his Lordſhip is attended, with the ſeveral Barges of the reſpective Companies, with Flags, Streamers, ſeveral Pleaſure-Boats, with Hautboys, Flutes, Trumpets, and all manner of Muſick, *&c.*

Before my Lord takes Water, his Lordſhip is thus Addreſt from the Firſt PAGEANT.

MY Lord, for Weſtminſter *your Barge prepare:*
And may a ſmiling Gale conduct You there.
Yes, to the Judges Bar your Entry make:
And there your Oath of Magiſtracy take.
Your Oath's a needleſs Bond. What wants there more
Where Truth and Honour ty'd ſo ſtrong before?

His Lordſhip having taken the Oaths before the Barons of the Exchequer, returns with the ſame Attendants and Splendor to *Dorſet*-ſtairs, where, at his Landing, he is ſaluted by the Artillery Company, in all their Martial Ornaments in Buff and Silver Head-pieces; and thus, with the whole Cavalcade, moves forward towards *Cheap-ſide*. In his March, he is firſt received by this Pageant.

The Firſt PAGEANT.

The BUSS.

UPon a ſpacious Stage, amidſt the Waves of a Sea, is preſented a large Fiſhing-Veſſel, rigg'd, *&c.* with all the proper Tackle; with Nets alſo and Fiſhes of all ſorts, and live Fiſhes in the Wells of the Boat. The whole Crew of this Boat are Perſons all dreſt in the proper Habits of Fiſhermen, and all exerciſing themſelves in dragging of Nets and Fiſhery. The whole Veſſel enricht with Gildings, Paintings, Emboſt Work, *&c.*

The Maſter of the BUSS thus ſalutes his Lordſhip.

AS 'tis the Plough that does the World maintain:
The Husbandman the Land, we plough the Main.
What's Art, what's Commerce, what's Society?
Trade's *but a Bark, and all but* Fiſhery.
We truſt our All t' inconſtant Winds and Sea;
Whilſt hope of Gain's the Anchor which we weigh.
Induſtry *trims our Tackle and our Sails:*
But Fortune only lends the proſp'rous Gales.

Each

Each ſteers at his own Helm: Mankind all poſt
Their ſpeedieſt Voyage to the Golden Coaſt.
Some few have reacht it; but there's Thouſands loſt.
That Coaſt, my Lord, you've gain'd. And wou'd Mankind
From your Example, your Succeſſes find,
Let 'em Deſerve, like You, their Toils to bleſs:
Copy your Virtues firſt, then hope for your Succeſs.

The Second PAGEANT.

TWo large Dolphins Argent, being part of the Company's Arms, appear as ſwimming on the Surface of a Calm Sea. On the Backs of theſe Dolphins Ride two Perſons, *Arion* and *Phocas*, Entertaining the Company with Wind-Muſick.

The Third PAGEANT,

The Throne of Thetis.

THETIS, the Goddeſs of the Sea in her Habiliments, Rides in a very large Scalop-ſhell (Azure Enrich'd with Silver) with her Sea-Nimphs beneath her, and others alſo at each Corner of the Stage, bearing Shields, and Standards of the Lord Mayors, the Company's and the City's-Arms, the Scalop Adorn'd with other Marine Enrichments, and over the Head of *Thetis*, are ſeveral Painted and Guilded Dolphins.

Thetis thus addreſſes his Lordſhip.

WHen on his Harp the fam'd Arion play'd,
A Dolphin o'er the Waves the Bard convey'd.

No boiſtrous Billows then preſum'd to riſe,
All calm the Waves, and all ſerene the Skies.
His Muſick made ev'n Boreas *Diſcords ceaſe,*
And tun'd the angry Winds and Seas to Peace.
More pow'rful Harmony ſalutes this Day.
And charms the very Goddeſs of the Sea.
The Royal Thetis *leaves her Watry Court,*
To make a Part of your Pretorian Port.
Aſcending thus from Neptune's *lower Throne,*
I view that Luſtre that out-ſhines my Own,
Auguſta's *Lord, Vicegerent of* NASSAU;
A Name that gives my Vaſſal Ocean Law.
To his bright Image I my Homage pay,
And hail your Great Inauguration-Day.

The Fourth PAGEANT,

The Mermaid.

TWo large Carv'd Figures being a *Merman* and *Mermaid*, the Supporters of the Companies Arms, properly Colour'd, Floating on the Waves of the Sea, attended by *Tritons* aud *Nereids* in their reſpective Dreſſes, with Flags, Streamers, *&c.*

A *Triton* ſpeaks.

WHen *to your Triumph, Sir, theſe Gueſts we bring,*
It is no treach'rous Song our Syrens *ſing.*
No, when Auguſta' *Glorious* Pretor *calls,*
Nought but fair Truth *and* Honour *fill thoſe Walls.*
The Mermaid *then, that in her Glaſs before*
Practic'd gay Smiles to make fond Eyes adore,
Has thrown her uſeleſs Mirror by; and now
Views awful Magiſtracy's *nobler Brow.*
At your Approach quits her poor charming Arts;
And leaves it to your Virtue *to win* Hearts.

After

After this Pageant a Cavalcade is Perform'd by ſeveral Perſons Riding in Armour, *viz.* the firſt the Sergeant at Mace, Arm'd Ca-pa-pee, bearing the Head of *Wat Tyler* on a Bloody Spear. The next the famous Sir *William Walworth*, Arm'd likewiſe Cap-a-pee, and the other Five being ſo many Aldermen, alſo all in Rich Armour; theſe all mounted on Manag'd Horſes, moſt Richly Capariſon'd, *&c.* march before the laſt Pageant, being

---

The Fifth PAGEANT,

The Chariot of Honour.

IN this ſtately Chariot, rais'd by ſeveral Aſcents, on the higheſt Seat ſits a Perſon repreſenting Fame; before her is Seated King *Richard* II. trampling under his Feet Inſurrection; Around him on ſeveral Seats ſit Conduct, Prudence, Temperance and Vigilance; in a Station before him is Seated *Auguſta*, bearing the City-Sword in one Hand, and the City-Arms in the other, the whole Pageant being fill'd with near Twenty Perſons, to make up the Grandeur and Train of Attendants on Majeſty and Magiſtracy, all in their proper Adornments, with Banners, Shields, Streamers, *&c.* Over all is Erected an Arch, born up by Four Silver Dolphins, Supporting the Creſt of the Honourable Company, being Two Arm'd Hands holding a Crown Imperial.

Auguſta's Addreſs.

IN all the Monuments that Fame ſhall raiſe
To the Immortal WALWORTH'*s Deathleſs Praiſe,*
This Royal Pageant *ſome ſmall Tribute pays:*
WALWORTH, *who boldly faced an* Armies Head,
And ſtruck an Inſolent Rebellion Dead;
Hew'd at one Stroke th' inſulting Hydra *down,*
Aud ſingly ſtemm'd a Tide to ſave a Crown.

Ye

Ye Sons of Mars *who make a Trade of War,*
Which of your Conqu'ring Swords e're pusht so far?
To War, a tedious Ages Work, you go.
WALWORTH *made War and Conquest at a Blow.*
With that Great Deed proud Albion's *Annals fill'd,*
His bloody Steel adorns my Glorious Shield.
And, Sir, since your high Sphere of Glory's placed
In the same Walls which once Great WALWORTH *graced,*
Copy th' Original. As He, *my Lord,*
Held that of War, hold you bright Justice Sword.
Justice and Conquest both the Lawrel claim,
Though not the Danger still the Cause the same.
Heroes *and* Magistrates *share one Renown,*
Whilst both of 'em are Champions *of the* Crown.

Here his Lordship moves forward to *Guild-Hall* to Dinner, where he receives the Honour of Entertaining the Lords of the Council, the Judges, and the Chief of the Nobility; the whole Magnificence of which splendid Entertainment concludes the Solemnity of the Day.

GUILDHALL LONDON LIBRARY

F I N I S.